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LITTLE LEARNER'S PAPER

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The Sleigh-Ride.

Jingle, jingle, went the merry sleigh-bells one morning. There were all kinds of pretty cutters, with lovely robes and bells, darting up the streets and around the corners. Jean came into the house and said:

"Mamma, let the girls and me take baby for a sleigh-ride. Edith and I can be the horses, Daisie can be the driver, and baby shall be a rich gentleman going to business."

"Oh, mamma, do. It will be such fun," said Edith.

"Very well," said mamma. "You can take the 'rich gentleman' to the grocery to order some things for dinner; his housekeeper wants butter, eggs and sugar."

"That will be splendid fun," said

Jean, while the others seemed quite to agree with him. The girls began putting on their hoods and cloaks, while mamma dressed the "rich gentleman." When it came to putting on their leggings, Daisie remembered she had left hers at school the day before.

"Oh, that's too bad," said Jean.

Daisie looked very disappointed, but in a few minutes she said, quite brightly:

"Never mind, baby has such good horses they do not need a driver. I can be the mamma, and stay at home."

They all went out to see the "rich gentleman," who, I must tell you, insisted on taking his wooden doll with him in his sleigh. Even Daisie stepped out to see, too, holding the basket. Our little man, Jean, said:

"Here, Daisie, give me the basket, and you run in, or you will have croup to-night. I'll bring your leggings at noon, and you shall have a ride, too."

Did He Obey?

"Be sure and be a good boy, Ned," said his mother, as she kissed her son good-morning, before sending him to school.

"Yes, mother," was the reply. And yet, as Ned came home from school at noon, every pool of water he came to, he waded straight through, soaking his shoes with the muddy water, and soiling them. Instead of walking through the gate, he climbed over the fence, cutting a small hole in his sleeve by a nail. Did Ned do as he had promised?

OUR LESSON.—For Dec. 6.

TITLE.—Christ Crucified. — John 19: 17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For Christ also hath once suffered for sins.—1 Pet. 3: 18.

TRUTH.—Jesus suffered for us.

1. When Pilate gave Jesus up, the soldiers prepared to crucify him.

2. Jesus, carrying his own cross,

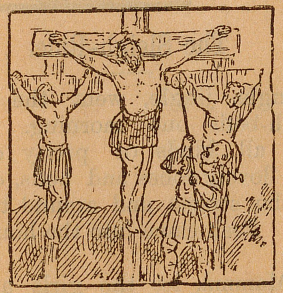
started with the soldiers to Calvary, the place where he was to die.

3. When they reached Calvary, they crucified Jesus, and two robbers, one on each side of him.

4. Pilate wrote a title, and put it over the cross.

5. This was the writing: Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

6. When they had crucified Jesus,



the soldiers divided his garments among them, and cast lots for his coat.

7. While Jesus hung on the cross, his mother and other women stood by, weeping.

8. When Jesus saw his mother, and the loving disciple John standing there, he said, Woman, behold thy son!

9. He then said to the disciple John, Behold thy mother.

10. From that time, John took Jesus' mother to his own home, and cared for her.

11. Our Savior's thought and care were for others, even when he was suffering on the cross.

12. Jesus knew that he was suffering and dying to save the world.

13. Just before he died, he said, I thirst.

14. Someone standing by, filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it to his mouth.

15. Soon after, Jesus said, It is finished, and bowed his head, and gave up his life.

QUESTIONS.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. What did the soldiers prepare to do?
2. What did Jesus carry on his way to Calvary?
3. Who were crucified with Jesus?
4. What did Pilate put over the cross?
5. What was the writing?
6. What was done with Jesus' garments?
7. While Jesus hung on the cross, who stood by?
8. What did Jesus say when he saw his mother and John?
9. What did he say to John?
10. Who took care of Jesus' mother afterward?
11. Of whom did Jesus think while he hung on the cross?
12. For what was he dying?
13. What did he say just before he died?
14. What did some one give him?
15. What did Jesus say and do soon after?

LESSON HYMN.

Old Tune—"Hold the Fort," (D).

On the cross our Savior suffered,
For our sins he died:
Look to Jesus, He will save you;
In his love abide.

CHORUS.

Sing of Jesus! Sing his story!
Sound it wide and far!
Till the wonder of his glory
Reach the farthest star.

Do You?

Do our boys and girls ever think of the trouble and anxiety they have been and are to mother? How many hours she has watched over and cared for them when they were sick and helpless!

Try and repay her by being helpful and accommodating, and see her dear face brighten when you do some act of kindness for her, to show that you have some thought for her.

Flowers, and What They Say.

I think God meant the violets
To teach us to be true,
So trustingly they turn to him
Their eyes of heavenly blue;
And always when I chance on them
In field or garden plot,
They seem to murmur in his name,
"My child, forget me not."

The pansy with its sunny face
I think the dear Lord sent
To have us learn whate'er our lot
Therewith to be content.
Fair as a star the lily lifts
Its glad face to the light,
And whispers to each little child,
"Dear heart, be pure and white."

—*Selected.*

A Happy Little Giver.

"Mamma, mamma, here is a little flower girl with such lovely bunches of yellow things; I am sure they smell sweet; please get me some right quick."

Little boy Ben had been sick ever so long, with that cruel jailer scarlet-fever, and now, although spring things were beginning to swell and grow, he was still on his couch at the window, not able to leave his mother's room. No wonder he longed for a whiff of those fresh, out-of-door things.

"Very well," said mamma, "keep your little flower girl till I find my purse." Then she looked in her dress pocket, and her apron pocket, and her key basket and her top drawer: where was that red leather purse, anyhow?

Meantime, Ben was trying to make the flower girl understand (without opening the window, which would never do) that he was going to buy some of her flowers. What he did make her understand was that he wanted some and that was all. How could she know that mamma was hunting everywhere, with a pucker between her eyebrows, to find the purse?

She saw the pale little face that told so plainly the story of sickness, and the eager look that told just as plainly how much he longed for the flowers. After waiting a minute, "He cannot buy them," the flower girl said to herself, and ran across the street and rang the bell.

The door was opened by Kate Mahoney, while mamma was still searching for the purse, not dreaming what was going on down stairs. "Please, ma'am," said the flower girl to Kate, "give these to the little sick boy, and tell him he's very welcome." So just as the purse is found in the side pocket of a shopping jacket, up comes Kate with the flowers and the message.

"Oh mamma, let Kate run after her and pay for them," cried Ben; "I am sure she is poor."

"No, no," said mamma quickly, "I would not take away for the world the pleasure she will feel all day in having done a kindness. If we can find her out and do something to give her pleasure, well and good; but she is a happy little girl to-day. Don't you know that giving is the most blessed thing in the world?"—*Selected.*

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